

At the Theatres.

AT THE ACADEMY.

Friday, Matinee and Night, "Shore Acres."
Saturday, Matinee and Night, "The Vinegar Buyer."

AT THE BIJOU.

All The Week, "Busy Izzy."

One an old-timer and the other a new-timer for the Academy this week, and both promise much to the theatre-goer. The attraction at the Bijou will be "Busy Izzy."

Every one knows about Herne's "Shore Acres," the great pastoral play of this decade, and the Academy will have large audiences for Thursday, matinee and night.

There are two new plays at the Bijou. The first is "The Vinegar Buyer," which has been voted one of the big successes of the present season. As a monologist he was supreme, and as a star in his own right he is said to be funnier than ever. Herbert Hall Winslow is responsible for the play, which is replete with Ken-dallisms. This can be readily seen by anyone who is familiar with the clever humorist's work. He sat by the side of the author during the entire time of the writing of the play and the result is one of the funniest entertainments on the boards. Under the capable management of Lebler and Company, who never think by halves, Ezra Kendall is launched as one of the most successful stars in the theatrical world. The scene of "The Vinegar Buyer" is the village of Brooklyn, Indiana, a small hamlet of one hundred inhabitants about twenty miles from Indianapolis. The characters are more or less faithful reproductions of actual persons. Mr. Kendall's character is that of a village humorist, who, by his straightforwardness, captures the affections of all the townspeople, both male and female. The title is an odd and amusing one, but it describes the Joe Miller of the play, which Mr. Kendall impersonates, for Joe Miller does a lot of things in the play, which are vastly more interesting than his vocation as a vinegar buyer. Really the vinegar business cuts but a small figure in the play, though Joe Miller is a "vinegar buyer" beyond question.

"Shore Acres."

That beautiful prose poem of life among the lowly, which Mr. Herne has so successfully dramatized and called "Shore Acres," has justly won the lavish praise of all classes of theatre-goers in this country, and it still continues to bank in public favor, even though in its twelfth consecutive season. Its long life, a proof of its great value, has been one series of triumphs, and all are now willing to admit that this New England idyl is the greatest pastoral play in the English language. Mr. Hall Caine, the author of "The Christian," long ago said it was the work of a genius, and predicted its overwhelming success in London. Any one who can enjoy one of James Whitcomb Riley or Eugene Field's poems, will find "Shore Acres" a genuine treat, and both these great poets commended Mr. Herne's



Scene From "Shore Acres."

beautiful work when they first witnessed its production. Its many exquisite touches of human nature cannot fail to impress even the most worldly-minded, and to the lover of nature the play produces a most profound impression. Aside from the many beauties of dialogue and situation, the onlooker will find much to interest him in the remarkable details of every scene. Mr. Herne has been dubbed the Apostle of Realism in this country, his realism, however, is never offensive. A thoroughly competent company, headed by James T. Galloway and Atkins Lawrence, will appear in the

BIJOU WEEK MARCH 7th.

Just For the Fun of It.

GEORGE SIDNEY

Aided by

45 Accomplished Farceurs

IN

Second Revised and Enlarged Edition. 150 Hilarious Moments.

BUSY IZZY!

Twenty Bright and Catchy Musical Numbers. Oh, Joy!

Something Doing All the Time. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. No Advance in BIJOU PRICES.



George Sidney as "Busy Izzy" at the Bijou This Week.

"Busy Izzy."

There are two acts to the entertainment. The first act will be devoted to a department store, with Izzy making himself generally useful as the proprietor. A number of pretty girls will be found in this scene, and every little while they will let their customers wait while they come from behind the counters and sing something. Then when they have all done everything that the stage manager has arranged to be done in the department store half of the evening, the curtain will fall and in ten minutes the scene will shift to a big summer hotel. The audience will learn from the programme that Izzy has traded his store for the hotel, and the stage manager will have arranged a number of outings for the summer girls, the Johnnies and the others guests. In all this, Izzy will be manifest as the presiding genius, and ere is one avowal of the time two and a half hours have been spent in laughing, listening and admiring.

"King Dodo."

The music of "King Dodo," in which Richard Golden and his company of unusual merit, will be seen under the direction of Henry W. Savage at the Academy shortly, has all that subtle charm and fascination which Gustav Luders instilled into "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Burgomaster." The melodious atmosphere of the entire performance is fragrant with harmonious exhilaration. It has undisputed power and popularity, and many of the numbers are of that class which will be whistled. Among the most notable songs are "The Tale of a Bumble Bee," "Look in the Book and See," "A Jolly Old Potentate," "Two Hearts Made One," "The Eminent Doctor Flezz," "The Cate Quartette," "Will Do or Die," "Old Father Time," "The Land Who Leads," "I Adore Thee," and "In the Spring." An augmented orchestra is included in the organization, and the rendering of the orchestra will be a musical treat.

POKER ON STEAMERS.

Losers at Sea Make Game Nuisance for Ship's Officers.

"I wish," said the purser of one of the big transatlantic steamers, "that there

was some way of stopping the game of poker on board ship. The trouble which the game is making for the officers cannot be appreciated by landmen.

"So much has been printed and said about sharpers on the ocean liners that in almost every smoking room there is a sign up for passengers to beware of those swindlers. Now, as a matter of fact, there is very little out and out swindling done.

"Real card sharpers are few and far between, and they are so well known to us that they rarely get a chance to organize a game, or to break into one that has already been started. The big card cheats long ago stopped frequenting the liners, but the evil effect of so much talk about almost every trip, in the very smallest games, if the luck goes against

was some way of stopping the game of poker on board ship. The trouble which the game is making for the officers cannot be appreciated by landmen.

He says he has never used glasses, but apparently can see and hear as well as any one, and his mind is as clear as most men at fifty years of age. He says he can thread a needle or see to pick up a pin on the ground; that he has never had a doctor to prescribe medicine or come to see him, nor ever taken any medicine.

He has chewed tobacco for years, but has not smoked for a number of years. His first master, he says, was Colonel "Jack" Ambler, of Richmond, Va., who lived in a very big house on a high hill near the James River, whose coachman was named "Mingo." It is said that Colonel Ambler once owned Jamestown Island. When the estate of Colonel "Jack" Ambler was divided, he says he was twenty years old, and in the division of his slaves, he became the property of Colonel Ambler's son, Colonel Edward Ambler, of the Rappahannock, then, perhaps, Culpeper county. He was given by Colonel Edward Ambler to his son-in-law, Captain Murat Willis, then living in this county and was with him until after the war between the States. Captain Willis is quite an old man, well on to eighty years of age. "Uncle Elijah" has a remarkable memory, and is an interesting and intelligent talker for one of his race, and is highly thought of by all who know him, and he is an honest, quiet, respectful and law-abiding, good citizen.

He is small of stature, but in his younger days, it is said, was noted for his remarkable strength and endurance for his build, accomplishing feats that much larger men could not perform.

De Appile Tree.

(Joel Chandler Harr's, in the Century; republished by request.)

Dat's a mighty quare tale 'bout de appile tree.

In de P'didge garden, whar Adam run

Whar the butterflies drunk honey wud

Of 'mammy bee;

Talk 'bout good times! I bet you he had 'em.

Adam—

Ol' man Adam in de appile tree.

He woke one mornin' wid a pullin' at his sleeve.

He open one eye, an' dar wuz Eve;

He chuck 'er, han', wid: "Honey, don't you grieve!"

Talk 'bout good times! I bet you dee had 'em.

Adam—

Adam an' Eve in de appile tree.

Den Eve tuck a bite er de appile fruit.

An' Adam he bit, an' den dee scoot

(Dar's whar the niggers larned de quick 'n' de smart.)

An' drun an' hid behime de fig tree.

Talk 'bout troubles! I bet you dee had 'em.

Adam—

Adam an' Eve behime de fig tree.

Dee had er frolles an' dee had er flings.

An' den ater dat der fun tuck wings;

Honey mighty sweet, but bees got stings;

Talk 'bout hard times! I bet you dee had 'em.

Adam—

Adam an' Eve behime de fig tree.

Kaze out o' dat gyarden dee had fer ter skin.

For ter look fer de crack whar Satan croke in;

Dee s'arch fur an' wide, an' dee s'arch mighty well—

Eve an' knowed, but she 'fuse fer ter tell.

Old Satan's trail wuz all rubbed out.

'Ceppin' a track er two whar he walked

Talk 'bout troubles! Well, I bet you dee had 'em.

Adam—

Adam an' Eve an' all der kin.

An' when dee got back de gate wuz

An' dat wuz de pay what Adam got;

In dat gyarden he went no mo',

Dee overcud er' 'n' de shoe an' a hoe,

mule an' blow an' a swingletree.

Talk 'bout hard times! I bet you dee had 'em.

Adam—

An' all er his chillun, both slave an' free;

Dee had 'em

Lockaze er de fruit er de appile tree.

An' de chillun er Adam an' de chillun's kin.

Dee all got smeared wid de pitch er sin;

Dee shut der eyes ter de big hereafter.

An' flung sin aroun' wid a turbile spatter.

An' colloqued wid Satan, an' dat what de matter.

An' troubles—well, I bet you dee had 'em.

Adam—

De chillun er Adam dat forgit ter pray.

Dee ju' 'em.

An' dee keep on a-had'n' 'em down ter dis day!

But dat want de last er de appile tree.

Kaze she scatter her seeds bote fur an' free;

An' dat's what de matter wid you an' me.

I knows de feelin' what foteh on de fall.

Dee red appile an' ole Satan's call—

Lor' bless yo' soul! I knows 'em all.

I'm kinder lopsided an' am pidgeon-toed.

But watch me keep in de middler er de road.

'Kaze de troubles I got is a mighty load.

Talk 'bout troubles! I got 'um an' had 'um.

An' I know mighty well dat I coteh 'um from Adam.

An' de appile seeds what he scatter so free.

Adam—

Adam an' Eve an' de appile tree.

Motto and the Crest.

Petersburg, Va.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch.

Sir,—As requested, I enclose you "The Motto and the Crest." I have written it from memory. I do not know who is the author. Yours truly,

J. BLAKEY.

THE MOTTO AND THE CREST.

(Author Unknown.)

I knew her in her brightness,

A jewel full of glow,

As the dancing waves that sparkle

On the placid summer sea.

To her the world was sunshine,

And peace was on her breast;

For contentment was her motto,

And a heart's ease was her crest.

Yet, deem not for a moment

That her life was free from care,

For she shared the storm and sorrow

That others sign to bear.

She met earth's tempest meekly,

With a heart of Heaven's rest;

She gave not up her motto,

Nor cast away her crest.

Alas! the many frowning brows,

And eyes that speak of woe,

And hearts that turn reprovingly

From every chast'ning blow.

But our lives would all be brighter,

And our hearts would all be blessed,

With contentment for our motto,

And a heart's ease for our crest.

REMARKABLE OLD NEGRO

Hale and Hearty, Though Considerably Over One Hundred.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

WASHINGTON, VA., March 5.—A very interesting character, Elijah Jones, a highly respectable and much esteemed, very old and remarkable colored man lives near here. From the best information obtainable, he must be over a hundred years of age, perhaps one hundred and ten years. He frequently walks from his home, three and a half miles from here, to this place and back home, seven miles, works in his garden, cuts wood and does other lighter work.

He says he has never used glasses, but apparently can see and hear as well as any one, and his mind is as clear as most men at fifty years of age. He says he can thread a needle or see to pick up a pin on the ground; that he has never had a doctor to prescribe medicine or come to see him, nor ever taken any medicine.

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